

Sun Kissed

Donvex

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Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

From an anon who requested:

From a prompt list I had seen “You gotta stop doing that.” “Doing what?” “Doing things that make me want to kiss you.” “.. You see, the problem with that is, if I kiss you I may never be able to stop”

Or, in which Eddie Kaspbrak loves sunlight, and Richie Tozier loves Eddie Kaspbrak.

Sun Kissed

Eddie had a lot of little habits.

The way he held his backpack straps while he walked, the way he always checked benches before sitting on them, the way he would absentmindedly pull at his socks when sitting cross legged.

Eddie had a lot of little habits, and Richie noticed them all.

Some things he noticed because he had to. Little nervous ticks that he knew how to avoid, small calamities that he learned how to soften.

Taking off his shoes when stepping into Eddie's home. Stepping between Eddie and a filthy stranger in an elevator so that they wouldn't have to touch. Blocking Eddie's line of sight when a student (inevitably) vomited into a cafeteria trash can.

Other things he learned because he wanted to.

The way Eddie would pull his hands into his sweater when the weather got cold. The way Eddie would fight the upturning corners of his mouth until he broke out into laughter. The way Eddie always seemed to gravitate towards patches of sunlight when he was choosing a place to sit, or the way he would find a reason to move places as the sun began to fall across the sky.

And that was where Richie found himself. Watching Eddie shift from an armchair to the couch, stretching in the small rays of sunlight that warmed his new seat. He was like a sunflower, drawn to the warm golden tones, lit from behind like some angelic being. Eddie's eyes were shut, his head turned towards the window, everything settling down into a peaceful quiet.

And that was just it. That was the last god damn straw.

"You gotta stop doing that."

Richie's voice seemed louder against the lazy afternoon, even in his own ears. Eddie's eyes blinked open, his brows furrowing before he turned to look at Richie.

“Doing what?”

Richie could do a lot of things. He could shrug, mumble a lame “y’know” before sinking into his own seat across from Eddie. He could be annoyingly specific and point out Eddie’s need to move to the sunniest spot in every room, even if Eddie would surely become self-consciously aware of it every time after. He could completely skip words and jump on Eddie instead, doing exactly what it was that he wanted.

Or he could breathe. Talk.

“Y’know.” *Shit. That was not the option Richie had wanted to take. Plan A had already been disqualified for a reason.*

Eddie opened his mouth to respond, but Richie cut him off. “Doing things that make me want to kiss you.”

Eddie’s open mouth stayed like that, hanging, before he quickly snapped it shut and stared at Richie.

Which wasn’t helpful, because all Richie could do was stare back. Eddie’s rich brown hair reflecting locks of red in the light. Small particles of dust in the air passable as shimmer. It was *romantic*, is what it was, and Richie was fucking whipped.

“That’s the problem, Eds. You do all these little things, *all the time*, that make me want to kiss you. And if I kissed you.... I may never be able to stop. Not fucking ever.”

Eddie stood up at that, and slowly approached Richie. He took Richie’s hand in his, gently, and pulled him up from his seat. “Share the sunlight with me, Rich.” Richie felt himself being lead back towards the couch, both of them looking stunned as they fell into the seat, until Eddie’s face finally broke into a smile, and Richie was smiling back, and then they were *kissing*, and god was it everything Richie had ever wanted.

Soft, gentle, but not hesitant.

They leaned their foreheads together, and Richie laughed before whispering between them. “I was right.”

“About what?”

“I never want to stop kissing you.”

“*You don’t have to.*”

Author's Note:

Comes send me your own prompt at donvex.tumblr.com or leave me a tip at ko-fi.com/monstrumian !